

PANIC IN STEERAGE FORCES OFFICERS TO RULE WITH GUNS

Terrible Scenes Enacted
When Foreigners Fight
to Leave Ship.

NEW YORK, April 19.—Beyond the power of any pen to picture were the terrible scenes enacted when the steerage passengers were freed and told to make their escape in the remaining boats. Frenzied men, disregarding kith and kin, trampled down women in their frantic attempts to obey nature's first law of self-preservation, and to their panic, their fright, and their ruthless conduct is due all that had happened to the steerage passengers were allowed in the sea.

Officers, armed with their revolvers, spit forth the deadly fire of their weapons at these fear-filled men, and with each shot some fell prostrate never to rise, and to be carried down lifeless in the swirl of the whirlpools.

Each bark of the unerring pistol meant the death knell to individual cowardice and the rescue of the others. The steerage frenzy changed to the complex of things on board the Titanic from orderliness in the face of death to a turmoil and panic of pinning in their bunks by the official mandate of Captain Smith, once freed from loose from all bounds of decency and turned the scenes into one of hell.

Italians, their love of children still paramount to all thoughts of personal safety, tried in their frantic endeavors to save their offspring even at the sacrifice of their own lives.

This phase of the disaster was related by Regina Stelzer, herself one of those who were saved from among the steerage passengers. She owes her life—and this is not from her own telling—to courage and coolness and implicit obedience of the commands of the officers.

"We were all standing waiting for orders from the officers," she said as the women leaped heavily on the arms of two friends who were taking her to her home at 420 East Eighty-sixth street, "and we were all told to get ready to go on deck. For the first moment that the doors were opened the crowd started like mad for the upper decks. There were some officers standing at the head of the stairs, and by the open doors of the steerage deck, but they were swept along. I heard shot after shot fired, and somebody would scream, and then the trampling would come again.

"Men knocked down little babies, whose lives were stamped out by their shoes. Women were knocked down and trampled on, and it was terrible. I don't know how I managed to escape, but I thank God I did. I got to the boat, and was put aboard. I must have been the last one, for I didn't see any more boats go over. Men and women jumped into the water, and when our boat pulled up to the some of them were dead and others died a few minutes after we took them on board. There was one little baby about two years old floating in the water. We picked him up and some woman took charge of him. He had a little doll by in his arms, which he had been holding while he was asleep. He wasn't a steerage baby, for his clothes were too good, and he looked like some rich person's child. He was a handsome little child, and he lived after all.

"You could see the people drowning right before your eyes, and you couldn't go near them, for fear that the vessel would sink and drag you down, too. Every minute there would be a shot fired, but who fired the shots, and why they did it I don't know. I heard afterward that six or seven of the stokers and Chinamen on board had been killed because they were rushing into the women."



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ANGUISH AT PIER WHEN LINER DOCKS

Rescue Ship Carpathia Met By Sorrowing Throng At
Dock—Officers Hold Back Passengers Who Try
to Crowd on Gangplank.

NEW YORK, April 19.—As the rescue ship Carpathia swung into her pier with the survivors of the wrecked Titanic, after an experience never equaled in the annals of the sea, the sense strain of the long days of waiting for definite word of the disaster was relieved.

Strong men wept as the drawn, wan faces of those who had been saved from the ocean grave appeared at the gangplanks, and the half-crazed survivors came specter-like into the glare of the lights of the dock. Men who had faced death grew faint as the realization dawned on them of all that these few had gone through. The suffering of years was imprinted on each face, and their sorrow, lined deep by the fate that had overcome them, called forth a sympathetic sorrow from the waiting crowd.

There were no light hearts—only dull, throbbing souls who ended in deepest gloom the voyage that had begun in hilarious, holiday spirit.

Sobs Amid Murmurs.

Pitiable as was the first sight of these sufferers, the awfulness of the situation was brought out forcibly as the survivors were guided to the alphabetical stations in the big, barn-like pier from whose high dome there resounded the muffled tread and lowered voices that had none of the cheery greeting that marks the usual debarkation of the trans-Atlantic voyagers. Sobs broke constantly in the murmur of the thousands who surrounded the scant hundreds who arrived. Sobs that burst from hearts breaking with the anguish of memory of those awful hours that followed the crash of doom in mid-ocean.

What hope for the rescue of those left behind, hope that had sustained the bereaved ones, was lost when the word was broken to them that the loved ones—the heroes who had seen first to the safety of women and children, the aged and weak—had gone down inevitably with the floating palace.

Here and there groups could be seen in which hysterical joy prevailed—the joy of sadness, however, for, though that survivor was without the sorrow of having been parted from a husband, or brother, or dear friend, the dreadful realization of the bereavement of others settled like a pall over them and gave to their hysterical outbursts that doleful tone that comes to the church bell tolling its funeral dirge where once had been the ecstasy of festival.

Men Blanch White.

Men trained to stoicism in seeing the sorrow of others; reporters who had carried news of death to cheerful homes; writers who had given to the world details of disasters in wonderful word pictures that depicted the horrors of accident; men hardened in contact with misery, blanched white as they met the first grim evidence of the living victims of the clutch. For to these survivors death of everything but body and soul had come to scar the brain and brand forever its imprint on memory.

Such scenes as those enacted on the long Cunard pier in the bright lights that were dimmed through the tears that fell unrestrained, seldom halt the gaiety of an unthinking world; but the atmosphere of sadness that surrounded the host of waiting friends and relatives spread over the great city, dampening the spirits of the whole people who knew these sufferers had arrived, and who, with no personal affliction to bring home the tragedy of a blunder, felt the pang of loss that had amazed the civilized world and stunned the nations with the first wireless flash of disaster.

Busy sailors on the vessel and dock

hands on the pier hurried out the great hawser at stem and stern and made the huge vessel fast as she ground against the side of the pier.

From the crowd a sigh, partly of relief and partly of apprehension, rose. Throughout the crowd lips moved in silent prayer.

Passengers Held Back.

The gangplank was run out and the officers on board could be seen holding back the passengers. On the dock the customs officers, two deep, held back the crowd on the dock. White coated ambulance surgeons hurried back and forth with their instrument cases, and were accompanied by orderlies, carrying stretchers. At 9:45 the first passenger walked down the gangplank.

After the women came a sailor, carrying a big brown raincoat, and a soft hat. He was followed by a woman who looked around as if startled. Then she screamed several times "Helen!"

The people on the dock surged forward as soon as the plank was made fast and the police literally forced them back. Most of the passengers were plainly hysterical, and it was apparent from the appearance of the survivors that they had lost all of their clothing and had been fitted out by the Carpathia's passengers.

Clothes did not fit and in many cases women wore sweaters. One wore an opera hat on her head and an old skirt that had several rents in it. She was immediately surrounded by several fashionably dressed women who assisted her from the dock.

Women Insane.

Two women, apparently violently insane, were carried from the steamer while there were scores of women in a state of coma, and plainly mentally unsettled.

WIDENER WAS HEROIC TO END, SAYS FRIEND

Traction Magnate Kissed Wife
Good-by, Then Went Back
To Die.

NEW YORK, April 19.—Rushed to Philadelphia in a special train that had been sidetracked at the Communipaw station of the Pennsylvania railroad, in Jersey City, were the survivors of the Widener family, comprised of Mrs. George D. Widener, Harry Elkins Widener, and the maid for the former. None of the survivors in this family were able to talk about the disaster, as the weight of their sorrow over the tragic death of George D. Widener had overwhelmed the latter's widow and son. But to Robert F. Daniels, himself a Philadelphian, and a survivor, fell the lot of telling the heroic end of the traction magnate.

"Mrs. Widener," said Daniels, "did not want to go, and asked to be allowed to stand by her husband. However, Mr. Widener told her to save herself and son, and forced her almost to seek the lifeboat. Mrs. Widener kissed her husband good-by. He told her not to worry, as it was possible that all would be saved, and the danger did not seem great. He stood by Colonel Astor and Major Butt, and was one of those who upheld Chief Officer Murdoch, when the latter at the point of a pistol drove back the foreigners who started the panic and stampede.

Daniels, himself, had a narrow escape. He jumped into the water, and was picked up by lifeboats that were in the vicinity of the wreck.

YOUNG MRS. ASTOR IS PATHETIC SIGHT

Four Attaches Carry Bride From
Steamer In a Hospital
Chair.

NEW YORK, April 19.—Helpless and inert, borne away to her waiting limousine in a hospital chair, the burden of four sturdy attaches of the Astor entourage, the widowed Mrs. John Jacob Astor, bereft of her husband at the end of a honeymoon, was taken from the rescue ship Carpathia.

As she lay in her chair, clad in a heavy black astrachan coat, and wearing a toque, the only sign of her subjection to fashion in the face of tragedy, Mrs. Astor made a pathetic

and pitiable sight. Ill, and dangerously so, she was unable to talk or say a word about the tragedy that had robbed her of her husband on the threshold of her married life.

"My God!" she said, her face wan and worn. "I can't talk; I can't say anything. I'm ill, dangerously and horribly ill, and I cannot say a single word."

Vincent Astor, the stepson of the widow and her own age as to years, escorted his stepmother to their car and whirled her away to the Astor home.

There had been many reports to the effect that Mrs. Astor was in a dying condition, and that an heir had been born.

Captain Purcell Dies.

Friends of Capt. John L. Purcell, U. S. N., retired, in Washington, have received word of the death of Captain Purcell in Philadelphia. A native of New Jersey, Captain Purcell graduated from the Naval Academy in 1879. He was advanced in rank during the Spanish-American war, and had been directed on account of disability last October.

A Remedy No Family Should Do Without

No matter how healthy a human being may be, it is safe to say that not many months are passed without some obstruction of the bowels; in other words, constipation, even if only temporary. The bloating, the dull feeling may start after the evening meal. If a laxative is not taken that night it is certain that sleep will not be sound, and you will awaken unrefreshed.

Hence, it is important for you, and for all the members of your family that a good, reliable laxative be always kept in the house for just such emergency. It is sure to be needed, and when needed you want it at hand. No family that is careful of its health can do without such a remedy. But the question of which remedy to have at hand is also of vast importance.

The laxative most highly recommended by the majority of intelligent Americans as being best for babies and

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It is the best all-around remedy you can have in the house for any disorder of the stomach, liver, or bowels, and many people like Mrs. W. A. Craig, 1029 Pa. ave. S. E., Washington, D. C., and Rev. C. W. Hick, 156 Ohio ave., Charleston, W. Va., say that they would soon be without the necessities as without Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.

Anyone wishing to make a trial of this remedy before buying it in the regular way of a druggist at 50 cents or \$1 a large bottle (family size) can have a sample bottle sent to the home free of charge by simply addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 405 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. Your name and address on a postal card will do.

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